

MADRJDGAL 14.



**A**ll **H**, TEN times worse tormented than  
before ! Ten times more pity shouldst thou  
take of me! I have endured ; then, Sweet!  
restore That pleasure, which procured this  
pain ! Thou scorn'st my lines! (a Saint,  
which make of thee ') Where true desires  
of thine hard heart complain,

There thou, 'bove STELLA placed ;  
'Bove LAURA ; with ten thousand more  
installed :

And now, proud, thinks me  
graced, That am to thee (though  
merciless!) enthralled.

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SONNET L X I I I .



**J**OVE for EUROPA'S love, took shape of Bull; And  
for CALISTO, played DIANA'S part: And in a  
golden shower, he filled full The lap of DANAE,  
with celestial art. Would I were changed but  
to my Mistress' gloves, That those white lovely  
fingers I might hide ! That I might kiss those  
hands, which mine heart loves ' Or else that  
chain of pearl (her neck's vain pride) Made  
proud with her neck's veins, that I might fold  
About that lovely neck, and her paps tickle !  
Or her to compass, like a belt of gold! Or that  
sweet wine, which down her throat doth  
trickle, To kiss her lips, and lie next at her  
heart, Run through her veins, and pass by  
Pleasure's part !